

THE NUR AF SHAN

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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, November 13.

The Banquet at Windsor Castle at which 160 guests were present was a most brilliant function. Most cordial toasts were exchanged by the King and Kaiser.

The hoarded money in America is beginning to re-appear in response to the enticing premium.

A telegram from Portland, Oregon, states that the Merchant's National Bank is closed. The deposits amount to over five million dollars.

The Queen of Italy has been delivered of a daughter.

London, November 14.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, after delivering a speech at the Colston banquet, was seized with sudden illness in the house of Mr. Howell Davies, M.P., where he was a guest. Doctors attended him for over an hour.

The sharpness of the attack has ceased.

It is understood that the illness was due to heart trouble. The doctors have forbidden him to leave his bed to-day.

A bulletin issued this morning states that he was fatigued with his efforts and has slept little.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is now out of danger, but at one time his condition caused the gravest alarm, and, oxygen, was administered. It is hoped that he will be able to return to London to-morrow. He has had a refreshing sleep and is able to sit up. He is bright and cheerful.

He telegraphed to his political agent in Stirling: "My illness is solely due to over-work. I am progressing excellently."

To-morrow's Cabinet has been postponed.

The gravity of the crisis in America is not lessening. Workmen and employees are being dismissed wholesale.

The demand for gold is increasing.

The Porte has called attention of the Powers to the murders of Moslems by Bulgarian bands declaring that apparently they have been part of a plan to promote reprisal.

The Austro-Hungarian and Russian representatives have also called the attention of the Bulgarian Government to the growing activity of bands in Macedonia.

The New South Wales' miners are appealing for sympathetic action in all the collieries in the Commonwealth, and the trades unions directly or indirectly connected with the coal industry, thereby threatening a general paralysis of business.

London, November 16.

Lord Curzon, at the head of an Oxford deputation, presented the Kaiser at Windsor with the diploma of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

The Kaiser, replying to the deputation, dwelt on his interest in the Rhodes scholars, and he rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded to young Germans of associating with young Englishmen.

London, November 17.

The German Emperor and Empress, the King and the Queens of Norway and Portugal lunched with King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Windsor.

London, November 16.

Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of France were married at Wood Norton.

A most brilliant company was present, including the King and Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal and other Royal personages.

London, November 17.

Telegrams from New York state that receivers have been appointed for six institutions recently suspended; namely, the Borough, Hamilton and Brooklyn Banks and Williamsburg, Jenkins and the International Trust Companies.

The Attorney General states that the evidence of criminal transactions has been un-earthed in the cases of the Borough Bank and Jenkins Trust Company.

London, November 18.

The German naval estimates show an increase of sixty million marks.

They include first instalments for three battleships, instead of two as previously proposed, for one large and two small cruisers, and for a river gunboat for China; also seven million for submarines.

A telegram from Washington states that in order to relieve the stringency the Government is issuing fifty million dollars in Panama Canal Bonds. Also, if necessary, the Government will issue a hundred millions in one year interest bearing treasury certificates.

A telegram from Edinburgh states that Mr. Ayling, who was mentioned on the 30th October has pleaded guilty of five charges of forgery.

He has been remitted to the High Court for sentence.

Mr. Morley's name was forged in each instance. The total amount involved in £13,350 sterling.

A telegram from Tokio states that a Company of Chinese troops in the Japanese service in Formosa have revolted and murdered sixty-three Japanese policemen and civilians and several women and children.

London, November 19.

A grazing farmer named Blakewhite and his mother were shot while leaving mass at Kileonieran in Galway. They were being escorted by policemen.

The congregation cheered wildly. No arrests were made.

Blakewhite recently had his cattle driven off.

Several further cattle drives took place in King's County on Sunday.

Ten Japanese who crossed the frontier from British Columbia have been arrested in Washington territory and sent to Seattle for deportation.

The frontier is patrolled for a distance of forty miles.

The Earthquake in Calabria have caused a panic in Brancalione and Ferrazzano.

The inhabitants are camping out despite the continuous rain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Readers of the Nur Afshan will be glad to hear that the Rev. E. M. Wherry D. D., former editor of this paper, has returned from America after a furlough of eighteen months, and that he will resume his duties of editorship on the first of next month. During his absence, Dr. Wherry has been travelling over much of America and has had opportunity to see many things of interest in that country which will affect India more or less directly. He has had some occasion to study the labour problem, and has been in the very region of the recent disturbances caused by the ill-feeling of the working classes toward foreign immigration, especially immigration from Asia. With this fresh information to impart, Dr. Wherry will be able to contribute very helpfully toward solving some problems that must perplex the Indian mind regarding the attitude of the European and American nations.

After all, the solution of most practical problems depends upon a willingness on the part of all concerned to look on all sides of the question. It is so easy for us to see the points in which others offend us, and so difficult to see those in which we offend them.

We take pleasure in announcing that a temperance meeting will be held in the Mission High School Hall of this city next Tuesday evening, the 26th of Nov., at six o'clock. The occasion is an unusual one for the meeting will be addressed by Miss Agnes Slack, Hon. Secretary of the British Women's Christian Temperance Union, who is now making a short tour in this country. Miss Slack is better qualified than almost any one else in such a position to present her subject with authority; for she was one of the five women delegates invited to attend the "Anti-Alcoholic Conference" recently held at Stockholm. She comes to us prepared to give the most recent information regarding the present teachings of science on the value and harmfulness of alcohol.

After all, the temperance cause can best be advanced by a calm consideration of what are the actual physiological effects of this drug on the human system. Men are not so unreasonable as to refuse to listen to arguments when they are presented without undue bias of personal feeling. Temperance is a moral question and not a religious one. Confusion of ideas always leads to conflict of forces.

We quote the following extract regarding Miss Slack from the pages of *Abhari*.

A GOOD RECORD.

"Miss Slack comes of a family well known for devoted work in the public interest. She is a sister of John Bamford Slack, formerly M. P. for Mid-Herts. She is an excellent speaker, and has worked hard for the promotion of

temperance amongst women. She has travelled in many parts of the world on behalf of the cause, and had recently attended the International Anti-Alcohol Congress in Stockholm. For these and other reasons she is deserving of a hearty welcome from all temperance reformers in India."

THE LATE MR. FAZL.

When one of those who have worked faithfully for the cause of Christ passes away, our feelings are mingled. There is joy and thankfulness for what has been accomplished, and deep regret that the world is now deprived of one of its sources of blessing. The friends of Mr. Fazl will appreciate what is said in the following accounts.

"Mr. Fazl was a convert from Islam. He was baptised in Ferozepore by the Rev. U. S. G. Jones. From his childhood he was ever ready to accept the truth he came to know and was never ashamed of it. He left Islam long before his baptism. First he was inclined toward Buddhism and to Brahmoism and finally the light of the Gospel dawned upon him.

When the time of his baptism was set he informed his friend and relatives about his purpose and invited them to come to the church to see his baptism. After his baptism he went home and stayed there until he was turned out.

His father who was a rich man disinherited him, but Mr. Fazl remained faithful to his convictions. After the death of his father his lawyer friend told him that the will of his father was illegal and that he could get possession of half of the property. He said I know it is illegal but I do not want to do anything against the will of my father.

Before his baptism he was a partner in a Press and a joint-editor of an Urdu paper. After he became a Christian the Lord opened a way for him to do the same kind of work in connection with the Society for which he worked till his death at the age of about 43 years. For about 18 years he worked hard for the Society.

In connection with the Society he not only had a charge of the financial duties of buying and selling books he also wrote and translated many useful books which will remain as a permanent memorial of his literary ability.

A few years ago he started two monthly Journals called *Taraqqi* and *Tajalli* which have been highly appreciated by all classes, Christians and non-Christians alike.

He had a very sympathetic heart and was ready to help anyone he saw in need. He was a real friend and always ready to help by money and advice.

Mr. W. H. L. Church who saw his work for the last five years testified at his grave as to his strict honesty and diligent service.

The Indian Christian community of the Panjab has lost a great man and a real friend.

We deeply sympathise with his widow and four little children in their bereavement and are sure that the Father of the fatherless will comfort and protect them.

N. PRIN DAS.

"The Bible in the Panjab" contains the following account.

"It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of our friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Fazl, for many years Assistant Secretary of the Panjab Bible and Religious Book Societies. Mr. Fazl had been ill for about a fortnight with pneumonia, but all thought that he was getting better; his death, therefore, which occurred on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22nd, at about half-past seven, came as a great shock. His body was laid to rest in the Indian Christian Cemetery, Lahore, the following afternoon, a large number of people attending the funeral, not only Christians, but Hindus and Muhammadans as well. It was inspiring to feel that the latter had the opportunity of hearing once more from the solemn words of the Burial Service the glorious assurance that, for the Christian, death has no terrors.

Mr. Fazl, who was a convert from Muhammadanism, had since his baptism been engaged in literary work, having a great taste for literature and languages. He knew Arabic and Persian well, and was able to read French and German. It was largely due to his initiative and energy that the Religious Book Society has become the power it is, and it seems strange that at a time when he could be so ill spared, God should have seen fit to take him. To us, he seemed to be the one man, who could not be dispensed with, so much depended on him. Now he is gone, but the inspiration of his life still remains to encourage and comfort us, and he being dead yet speaketh, not to us only, but to thousands who never knew him, in the works which his active brain inspired and initiated."

"INASMUCH."

It was only a thing which I liked to do,
A task that I helped a companion through
To one whom I loved a gentle word:
Wilt thou say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord?

It was only a little song I sung
As I tried to tune that harp unstrung,
But it seemed to touch a grateful chord:
Wilt thou say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord?

It was only a mite that I had to give,
That the dying heathen might hear and live,
Yet it was all that I could afford:
Wilt Thou say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord?

It was only a flower plucked in spring,
And it did not cost me anything,
To send with a message from thy Word:
With Thou say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord?

It was only a burden that I helped to bear,
A heavy sorrow I sought to share;
She felt it grow less as the tale was poured,
Wilt Thou say "Inasmuch" for that dear Lord

It was only a tear that was quickly dried
When the child o'er her broken plaything cried,
By a story from memory's treasured hoard
Wilt those say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord?
I cannot see now Thy rewarding smile,
But I know that I shall in a little while,
And then (for Thou dost every act record)
Thou wilt say "Inasmuch" for that, dear Lord
But the glory and praise shall all be Thine,
Thy spirit wrought every good work of mine
For ever and aye be thy name adored,
For the love which will say "Inasmuch," dear Lord.

APPROACH OF HALLEY'S MONSTER COMET.

In May 1910 the return of Halley's monster comet is scheduled. Only once in 75 years does it pay a periodical visit. There are few living persons who remember seeing it in 1835. Of course no photographs have ever been made of it for the art of photography was as yet unknown when it was last seen. The great English astronomer, Halley, contemporary of Newton, was the first to compute the orbit of this great comet which had been seen again and again before, and has repeatedly been seen since. In 1456 it amazed and threw into consternation all Europe. In those days comets were regarded as ill omens; and, as it was a time of war, men looked upon it with awe and dread.

The tail of this monster comet will perhaps sweep across 45 degrees of the heavens—half way from the horizon to the zenith, but there is absolutely no danger in a comet's tail, for it is the thinnest of all things, and the earth is known to have passed through unharmed. It will be yet more than two years before our approaching visitor will be sighted. We have not yet been apprised of its exact location, but some night some astronomer will make himself famous by sighting it, and all telescopes will be turned to the spot which he will telegraph the world over. Later the average man will find out where to look and will make out a faint, hazy object. Following it night after night he will see it grow larger and brighter, and eventually the tail will stretch across the heavens like a sword of flame. It will be seen the earth over, from pole to pole and for night after night.

Arcturus is in the constellation Bootes, near the charming half-circle, the Northern Crown. A million of suns like ours could be made out of Arcturus. Its light, equal to 6,200 times that of our sun, requires 164 years to reach us, and to night's beams left Arcturus in 1747.

RELIGION IS NOT CHRIST.

Religion is simply the outward form, or profession. A religious life saves no one. Man is made righteous alone by faith in the Lord Jesus. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. (Ro. x. 9.) Are you trusting in His death for the forgiveness of all sin? Are you relying upon the forgiveness of all sin?

Are you relying upon His resurrection for eternal life? Are you daily serving Him as your Master? These would be evidences that you have passed out of death into life. He that believeth on the Son trusts in, relies upon Him, has eternal life. He who obeys not shall not see life. The wrath of God awaits him. (Jno. iii., 36.) This is the condemnation that men loved darkness rather than light. (Jno. iii., 19.) There is very little in the New Testament about religion, and that is in James I. But Christ and Jesus so fill its pages, that to cut those names out would leave a tattered book we could not read. When those names are enshrined in the heart, there will be fruit in the life of holy walk with God, and loving service to man. The true believer has daily converse with heaven. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none I desire upon earth but Thee. (Ps. lxxiii., 25.) Living union with Christ will fill the heart with joy and peace and bring the fruit-bearing taught in John 15.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SERPENT.

Sir—This story I take from "Household Words":—

An old soldier made such friends in India with a cobra that he used to sit with it and sing to it for hours together. One day, while he was thus charming it, a hawk, chasing its prey, came within sight of the cobra, which raised its head and hissed.

The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings, and tried very hard to get away; but it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk for a time seemed suspended in the air: but at last he was obliged to come and sit opposite the snake, who commenced with his forked tongue, keeping his eyes upon him all the time, to slime his victim all over.

This occupied the cobra for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over, the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead, but he was very soon, for the cobra put him into a coil or two, cracked up every bone in the hawk's body, slithered him over once more, and swallowed him.—Yours faithfully,

Valetta, Malta.

T. J. E.

THE BELLS OF THE ANGELS.

There comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, And whether I read it or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not;

It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings, And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings.

If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,

Heartache and weary longing, that throb in the pulses of life,

If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,

He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings;

And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,

Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me. Let us look in our hearts and question: Can pure thoughts enter in?

To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin? So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see

If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

From "Word and Work."

A STORY OF THE KING.

King Edward has figured in an amusing story which has just come to light. It concerns the children of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who, when in residence at Chichester Terrace, Brighton, live in an exceedingly homely fashion. The two children go for daily walks with their governess, and, being very simply, though neatly, dressed, cannot be distinguished from children of less exalted parentage. One morning they were out, as usual, when an officious school inspector approached the children, and asked what school they attended. He was professionally hurt to see children abroad during school hours, and determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

On being informed that the children were being educated at home, he grew suspicious, and inquired by whom. The German governess, who accompanied the young Princesses, answered that she was teaching them. The over-zealous officer of education laughed, and, after telling the governess that he did not recognize her as an educational authority, asked for the name and address of the children's father. The governess, with a twinkle in her eye, gave the name of Fife, of Chichester Terrace. Shortly afterwards a letter, addressed to 'Mr. Fife,' arrived, demanding an explanation as to why the children did not attend school. The Duke passed the letter on to King Edward, who enjoyed the joke immensely, and then deputed Lord Knollys to let the officious officer down lightly.

TEETOTAL "EYE-OPENERS"

London Truth

The latest drink cure, we hear from Chicago, is the wearing of a particular kind of *pince-nez* by the dipsomaniac. —*London Daily Chronicle*.

Few men who drink too much can see

Their fault, though long it has existed;

To make their vision clearer, then,

'Tis right their sight should be assisted.

See there's much reason in the plan,

Suggested by teetotal teachers,

That special glasses should be worn

By these inebriated creatures;

For all the victims thus indicted

Have proved most woefully short-sighted.

ONCE.

Once I was leprous,

But Jesus touched me, and no spot was seen,
The magic of His hand had made me clean.

Once I was deaf.

His fingers pressed my ear, and I can hear
His slightest whisper, for He's always near.

Once I was dumb,

He touched my parched tongue, and I can speak,
And tell Him of the faith that is so weak.

Once without strength,

Waiting for troubled waters, long I lay,
Till Jesus spake, and lo I went my way.

Once I was dead,

But Jesus came to me, and bade me live,
For He who is the Life, new life can give.
A leper, deaf, and dumb, and weak, and dead,
Now cleansed, and quickened into life, and led:
A sinner once by nature, now by grace
Among the blood-washed I have found a place.
And in the courts of Jesus I shall stand,
Saved by His blood, led thither by His Hand.

IAN MACLAREN ON PREACHING.

(FROM THE BRITISH WEEKLY.)

The review of the past has convinced me that while preaching has various ends, the chief one ought to be comfort. It is useful in its way to explain the construction of the Book of Isaiah, and to give the history of the Hebrew literature, but it is better to minister the consolation of Isaiah's fifty-third chapter to the weary heart. No one can blame a preacher for the exposition of Christian dogma, but his words will be more welcome when they declare the Christ himself, of whom dogma at its best is but the imperfect and perishable garments. The preacher is justified in attacking sin with righteous indignation of soul and with burning invective of words, but perhaps he would come more quickly at his purpose if he turned the sinner from his sin by causing him to fall in love with goodness. The critical moment has not only affected students in their studies, but also preachers in their pulpits; and while I have ever plead for full liberty in criticism and have used that liberty myself, I am free to acknowledge that I would have been less critical and more evangelical. And by evangelical I mean more heartening and more comforting. People are interested in an expository discourse. Life we may take for granted is hard enough for every hearer, and every man is carrying his own burden.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Among a thousand people there may be at the most fifty with easy lives and detached minds, who will listen with pleasure to a lecture on the ritual of the Jews, or the schools among the apostles, but what food is there in those exalted themes for the other folk? They are widows anxious about their families, young men fighting a life or death battle with fiery temptations, lonely women with empty hearts, merchants harassed by business affairs, old folk nearing the bank of the Jordan, feeble people with the message of death in their bodies. Perhaps they ought to be blamed for their indifference but they really cannot care one straw who wrote, or what is the meaning of the Athanasian creed, but they are hungering and thirsting for a word of good cheer to strengthen their arms, and to lift up their heads. It is cruel if they do not get it; it is sinful if they are offered sawdust instead of the bread of God. But what of the reading and the cultured people? Allow me to whisper in some young minister's ear that if he is going to select two or three professional men, and prepare learned sermons for them, he is making a double mistake. He is neglecting the common people who heard the Master gladly, and he is wearying the other people nigh unto death. They have had enough of the lecture room and its theories. They have come to church for light, on daily duty, and inspiration to do it bravely. Never can I forget what a distinguished scholar, who used to sit in my church, once said to me, "Your best work in the pulpit has been to put heart into men for the coming week." I wish I had put more. And when I have in my day, like us all, attempted to reconcile science and religion, one of the greatest men of

science, who used to be a hearer in my church, never seemed to be interested, but when I dealt with the deep affairs of the soul he would come around in the afternoon and talk it out. My conclusions on this point are (and I offer them with confidence to younger men) that the people appreciate literature for your subject, and that while they do not undervalue information on the Bible, they are ten thousand times more grateful for the inspiration of the book, and that our preaching should be according to the words of Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

Here is a touching story of John B. Gough and Spurgeon:

"John B. Gough was visiting the Orphanage in company with Spurgeon, and after they returned to the office Spurgeon asked to be excused. Gough objected, and asked where he was going. He received an evasive reply, and declared his purpose to follow Spurgeon unless specially informed that he must not. Together they entered the Infirmary, and Mr Spurgeon was soon at the side of a little consumptive, who, as soon as he saw who it was, uplifted a face full of smiles and tears and began to thank him for the canary bird which chirped in the cage above his head. Spurgeon listened as the frail child told out his joy, and finally said: 'I sent the bird to sing for you until you hear the angels singing.' The boy caught his gracious meaning and lay trembling and silent. Spurgeon folded his arms about him, came to his knees and prayed that God would prepare the boy to hear the angels sing. As he rose to his feet he gave the invalid a kiss, pressed his hand, and went out."

THE NURSE

By Charles P. Cleaves

I lay my hand on your aching brow,

Softly, so! And the pain grows still.

The moisture clings to my soothing palm,

And you sleep because I will.

You forget I am here? 'Tis the darkness hides.

I am always here, and your needs I know.

I tide you over the long, long night

To the shores of the morning glow.

So God's hand touches the aching soul,

Softly, so! And the pain grows still.

All grief and woe from the soul He draws,

And we rest because He wills.

We forget,—and yet He is always here!

He knows our needs and He heeds our sighs.

No night so long but He soothes and stills

Till the dawn-light rims the skies.



IN JULIAN KAFTAN'S Recent pamphlet on "Jesus and Paul," he says: "The modern theologians attempt to thrust the idea of redemption aside into the periphery, whereas in reality it constitutes the centre of all living spiritual religion, in particular of Christianity. What we need and must strive after is that in all matters of faith this idea shall be recognised as the prime moving element." PHILLIPS BROOKS, who was as far from technical orthodoxy as KAFTAN is, wrote: "The death of CHRIST has saved the world. The death of CHRIST! Not merely His character and teaching; for historically from the very first the violent death of JESUS has had a prominence in religious influence which will not allow us even as faithful students of history to leave it out of view when we speak of the great formative power of modern human life. Always and everywhere the CHRIST Whom Christianity has followed, has been a CHRIST Who died. The picture it has always held up has been the picture of a Cross. The Creed it has always held, however it might vary as to the precise effect of His death, has always made the fact of His death vital and cardinal. The JESUS Who has drawn all men unto Him has been One Who based His power upon this condition, 'I, if I be lifted up.'" This is a day in which multitudes greedily believe that if social conditions can be altered, the world will become a paradise. They are easily led to think that sin does not matter very much, and that it is largely the result of circumstance. This creed may spread for the time, and the songs of the Priesthood may be struck from our hymn-books or left there on sufferance. But it will not be for long. The undying and changeless needs of the human soul will assert themselves, and men will turn away from the talkers and the teachers, from the politicians and the economists to the Sacred Heart.

When Spurgeon went to Waterbeach his theology was formed. The church was a Gospel Standard church. It had passed through vicissitudes, but as soon as the boy, for he was only seventeen, preached his first sermon there from the text, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," everything began to change. The village had then a most evil reputation for its drunkenness and profanity. The houses of the people were dens of iniquity, but soon the whole place was turned upside down. The little thatched chapel was crammed, some 450 people assembling, and many of them standing outside. The biggest vagabonds of the village wept floods of tears, and those who had been the curse of the place became

its blessing. Drunkenness and debauchery largely ceased. Almost from one end of the village to the other at even-tide, one might have heard the voice of song coming from nearly every roof-tree and echoing from almost every heart. Spurgeon preached three times on Sunday and five times during the week, and went on with his humble and ill-paid work as an usher at Cambridge. His salary was £45 a year, but the people had no money, and Spurgeon had to pay twelve shillings for his two rooms at Cambridge. The people gave him portions of any pig they killed, and some of them brought him bread when going to the market at Cambridge. His landlady accepted these as part payment, but even so the task of making both ends meet was hard. However, the boy preacher managed to buy books of his own type. Dr. Gill's Commentary was issued in half crown parts, and he contrived to take it in. He had great joy in his work, and great happiness in his intercourse with the people. He says that on a Sunday he would have as many as sixty-two invitations to dine, and he seems to have shared in time the humble fare of all his congregation. With indefatigable energy he founded three preaching stations in the neighbourhood, all of which are still in existence. But in a very short time he was called to London, in the third year of his pastorate and the nineteenth year of his age. This was in 1854.

Mr. Spurgeon made many friends among the original and individual dissenting ministers round about him. They seem to have been all characters in an emphatic sense. One of them, old Mr. Sutton, of Cottenham, put the question to Spurgeon: "Why did not the eye of Moses wax dim?" "I suppose, sir," was the reply, "that his natural mode of life and his quiet spirit had helped to preserve his faculties and make him a vigorous old man." "Very likely," said he, "but that is not what I am driving at. What is the spiritual teaching of the whole matter? Is it not just this? Moses is the law, and what a glorious end of the Lord gave it on the mount to his finished work; how sweetly its terrors were all laid to sleep with a kiss from God's mouth! And, mark you, the reasons why the law no more condemns us is not because its eye is dim so that it cannot see our sins, but because its force with which to curse and punish us is abated. But Christ has taken it up to the Mount and gloriously made an end of it." Is it not the inmost teaching of Ibsen and Zola and their followers—that the eye of the law never waxes dim?

When the Queen gave a children's tea-party at Buckingham Palace, recently, one of Her Majesty's grown-up guests recalled to another a fact not generally known, that it was Buckingham House that the first pot of tea in England was brewed and the first cup of tea drunk. The old house on the site of which Buckingham Palace now stands was the abode of the Duke of Buckingham, and it was he who introduced the cup that cheers to polite society.

THE INDIAN STANDARD.

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